Ruth Shafer. VII Apr. 1915

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THE TARGET

McKinley Intermediate High School, Berkeley

XXV. APRIL, 1916. No. 1.

Closing the Deal

"And you say it yields ten per cent profit?" Mr. Shaw inquired in the brisk tones of a business man.

"Correct, my dear sir. I'll give you two days to think it over," and the man arose and confronted the merchant, who sat in deep thought at his desk.

"I'll consider your offer, and give you my final answer at the appointed time," he said, and with a few words of farewell the men parted.

"It's a dangerous game," Shaw confided to his wife that evening. "It may bring me wealth, and on the other hand, bankruptcy."

"Is it wise, Jack, to risk your all on a mere chance?" queried Mrs. Shaw.

"Well, Mary, I'm somewhat in favor of the plan. However, I'll ask Henderson to dinner to-morrow night and you may judge for yourself."

The invitation was accepted, and the following evening witnessed the arrival of the stranger at their pleasant home. In the midst of the introduction, a small boy rushed into the room. "Mama," he cried, "I've asked Reggie to dinner. It's all right, isn't it?"

"No, Bunny, not to-night. Daddy has to talk business to Mr. Henderson, and there must be no noise. You may have him to-morrow, dear," she added, noticing his disconsolate face.

The boy scowled angrily at the man before him.

"I don't like him a bit," he declared.

Further remarks were not possible, for his mother hastily sent him from the room.

Henderson smiled ingratiatingly. "Poor little fellow. It's kind of hard, I guess."

Was it his eyes or the cruel twist of his mouth, as he uttered the words, that caused Mrs. Shaw to recoil inwardly?

"My proposition is that Mr. Shaw invest in a certain oil-field, which I own, but have not the capital to work," and he forthwith proceeded to unfold his plan.

The evening passed in a pleasant fashion, Bunny having been sent to bed early on account of his insult to the stranger. Once his mother thought she heard a sound in the hall, but as it was not repeated, supposed she had been mistaken. When Henderson took his leave, the contract was practically made.

The next afternoon Mrs. Shaw went into the garden to call Bunny and found him playing with Reggie.

"Look, mama!" he cried. "We're playing postoffice with a lot of letters I found in Mr. Henderson's coat pocket."

Quick as a flash his mother captured the letters. As she did so a telegram caught her eye, which ran as follows:

"Oil-fields worthless. Hurry contract before all is discovered."

There was no signature. Mrs. Shaw hurriedly telephoned to her husband,

and when Henderson called at his office that day, his offer was politely declined and a hint given him that it might be wise to retire from the locality.

"Well, Bunny, my boy, you're all right, but I advise you not to make a practice of such things," remarked Mr. Shaw, that evening, but Bunny, happily seated beside his companion in crime, Reggie, heeded not the words, nor their awful import. His world was in fine condition. There was ice-cream for dessert, and what else mattered?

GLORY HOWARD.

STARS OF THE DESERT.

In one of the deserts formed by Phaeton on his reckless ride across the sky, there lived a Dryad. She had been a special favorite of Diana, so that goddess permitted her to live after her tree had perished in the scorching heat of the golden chariot.

However, the nymph was not happy. In the daytime she crouched in the shade of the cactus plants. Only at night did she come forth and pray to the Cynthian queen. At last Diana made her immortal and took her up into the heavens. But before, as she had wandered over the desert weeping, each tear when it had touched the ground had been changed into a tiny star-shaped blossom of pure white.

These little star flowers still bloom on the deserts. In the daytime when the sun sends down its burning rays they close up their petals and can not be seen. But at night, when Diana's soft beams light up the world, they lift up their heads and scatter fragrance over the plains. I have never seen them, but grandmother said they wehe there when she came to California in a prairie schooner years ago.

DOROTHY ANDREWS.

APOLLO'S RIVAL.

The gadfly which Juno had sent to torment Io the daughter of Inachus, finally left its prey, for the Queen of Gods had forgotten it, and, no longer directed by the immortals, it wandered alone over the earth. From the banks of the Nile it went eastward over Media, the home of the sorceress, seeking comfort, but people only ran from the queer fly or brushed it aside. For many days the insect flew here and there, till at last it came upon the glorious abode of Apollo, who was sitting on his golden throne. The gadfly admired the brilliant god with his many-jeweled crown and longed to be like him.

Next day it followed the golden chariot into the sky, but was no match for the fiery steeds and was left far behind. When Phoebus disappeared that evening, far up in the sky was the worn-out gadfly. At last it reached the world and returned to Greece, from where it had started, long before, but everywhere it met with the same treatment. Forsaken, it wandered to Lemnos, where the mighty Vulcan was forging the shield of Achilles.

While the gadfly was hovering over the anvil, watching the wonderful workman, it was hit by the swinging hammer and dashed against the red-hot metal. It flew off, but the sparkling color of the steel stayed, and it afterward flew about the island, happy because, although much smaller, it was like Apollo, for it was a fire-fly.

HENRY WOOD.

"A word on a blotter is worth two in a history syllabus." Who said so?

Seeing Is Believing

"And so, senor, you don't believe that on St. John's eve Queen Zordaya appears on the breastworks of the Old Tower and throws herself over?"

"No, I don't," said the young traveler in amusement. "Seeing is believing, and until I see her with my own eyes I'll say you're superstitious."

"Very well, Senor Smith; tomorrow night will be St. John's Eve, and you shall see. We will aseend the mountain upon which is the Old Tower, and you will believe," replied the small Spaniard, who seemed to talk with his hands, so wild and rapid were his gestieulations.

"To-morrow night, then," and laughing gayly, Mr. Smith proeeeded to wager five dollars against the Spaniard's guitar that the Queen would not appear.

After the Ameriean had gone, Majo, the Spanish water earrier, ealled to him two beggars, with whom he seemed to be on exeellent terms.

They whispered for a while, and the only words whieh eould be heard were, "We must take no ehanees on the Holy Queen's appearing, for the gain is great."

The next night the traveler and Majo stealthily elimbed the mountain.

The tower stood high and forbidding as they seated themselves on a roek whieh eommanded a view of the battlement from whieh the Queen's shade was soon to eommit herself to the moat below.

Mr. Smith did not see two small shadows stealing aeross the poreh behind the parapet, bearing something whieh did not seem very heavy. No, indeed; Mr. Smith was too busy wishing himself at home.

Just as the moon broke from behind a eloud Majo whispered excitedly, "Look! There she eomes. Now will you believe, senor?"

Sure enough! Flitting along the poreh eame a white shadow. Leaping from the parapet with a seream, she jumped one hundred and twenty-six feet into the moat below.

The senor, however, had seen enough, and did some leaping himself. Bounding over roeks and stumps, he did not stop until safe behind the door of his room in the inn. Had he waited he would have seen Majo, doubled up with laughter, joined by the two shadows in a like eondition. Had he heard the eonversation the following morning he would have been greatly enlightened as to the ghost of Queen Zordaya.

"Well," said one of the beggars, "how did you like my shriek? I praetised it all yesterday, till my throat was hoarse. I took the preeaution, however, to remove myself to the Vega."

"Santa Maria," said the other, laughing. "The straw cost somewhat, and so did the sheet. How mueh did you get?"

"He gave me the five dollars," replied the water-earrier, "and an extra five to tell none about it. His last words to me were, 'Seeing is believing.'"

AGNES SHERWOOD.

Roberta Holmes: "Barbara Fritehie waved a flag under Lee's head."

Helen Denbigh: "That man is wearing a eoupe."

Nemesis On Four Feet

In a certain university in 1896 or '97 was a professor of logic who had the reputation of being the worst crab in the college. His special delight was to call down unhappy victims before the whole class.

One day on which he had assigned an especially long and hard lesson, and was in a humor anything but pleasant, a young fellow came into class a few minutes late. "Mr. Clark," he said, "I will not allow my classes to be disturbed in this way. You will gratify me by leaving my course."

The poor fellow tried to explain, but the instructor, totally ignoring him, said, "The class will please come to order." So the student left and enrolled under another instructor. He decided that he would square himself before he left college. He immediately started to plan the way to do it.

The next day his room-mate was called up before the class for not attending a section meeting. Among other things the professor said, "You take no interest in this course. A wise plan would be to drop it before you flunk." So the class was minus two members.

The room-mate came home very much out of sorts, entirely because of the unjust Nemesis. Upon entering the room where he stayed, he said, "Clark, the old crab canned me, too. If there is anybody I would like to play a mean trick on, it's him."

"You voiced my sentiments, Smith; I've been trying to think of something for a long time."

"I've got it," said the other, and forthwith the two were talking in undertones. Clark said something about, "The farmer may kick and get us into trouble."

"It will be worth it," said the other. "If I get expelled I will think I have squared myself with the old codger."

The next day was set for the faculty dinner. It was to be at 8 o'clock. During the day the two made a trip to a barn about a half mile away. Their object was a mystery. They went again about 5 o'clock and returned after dark. Nobody saw them come, or they would have wondered what they were going to do with what they were leading.

If anybody had been around he would have seen three figures enter the professor's house, and only two leave.

"That is done with now," said Clark. "Shall we stay around and watch the fun?"

"Of course," replied Smith. "It makes me laugh now to think of it."

Soon after, the professor came home. He opened the door and walked in. Then he stood still. "What can that swishing be?" he said aloud. Visions of bloody crimes on helpless victims flashed through his brain. He took a match from his pocket and started for the gas-jet, when, ker-flump!—he jumped and dropped the match. His hair was beginning to rise, and his knees would not be calmed. He put out his hand and touched something that moved away from him. Then something else whipped him in the face. Just as he was about to scream for help he found the gas-jet and flooded the room with light. And before him stood Nemesis on four feet, with sufficient poise to give a moo of greeting.

DAVID McCULLOUGH.

The Fate of the Hidden Treasure

A flash—darkness—another flash—again darkness—a third! The signal was answered by a light off shore. Then came the rumbling noise of a small boat being lowered from a ship. The moon came from behind a cloud and shone on the black flag of a pirate vessel.

Soon the boat came ashore and was met by a tall man wearing a long brown cloak, under which was a lantern. The small boat was loaded with spoils of all kinds, which were quickly packed on the mules. Then the procession set off up a steep cliff, and was soon on its way across an arid vega.

Morning found them half way across the vega, surrounded by snow-capped mountains. Suddenly a cry broke the silence. The contrabandista camp was awake in an instant, and hurrying across the plain.

"The miquelets are after us!" shouted the leader. "Hurry your mules, and make for the mountains!"

The procession hastened along, and finally came to a rugged barranco, where they took the alforjas off the mules, and slung them upon their own backs.

The officers were gaining now, so the smugglers broke and ran, occasionally shooting back at the advancing company. Seeing that they could no longer keep their distance with such loads, they threw the smuggled goods into the bushes, and went on, hoping that their treasure would not be found, for each wished to come back after the skirmish and claim the spoils for himself.

The pursuers steadily advanced, and the two parties met on the crest of a low hill. The fight was soon over. All the contrabandistas were killed, save one, who was taken to Granada, where he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the famous Vermillion Towers.

Many years after, a very old and ragged Andalusian was seen roaming across the vega. He was no other than the lone robber, who had come back to hunt for the lost treasure. He found the spot of the skirmish, but the landscape around was very changed. What was it? A great earthquake had shaken the place into mounds and gullies. The treasure was buried under a heap of rocks and earth. The old bandit dug for many days. But finally, exhausted, he wandered off over the vega, as poor as before, and was never seen again.

MURIEL DURGIN.

THE FLY-CATCHER.

The broad blue river wends its way
To the roaring ocean far away;
On its side the willows droop and sway
With the gentle breezes of closing day.

On a rock beneath the willow trees,
Lighted by sun and fanned by breeze,
A small brown object patiently lay,
Silent, awaiting his winged prey.

His spirits fell low as his prize flew high;
When his victim came back, joy danced in his eye.
He snapped it up as the fly flew lower,
For this was a turtle that dwelt near the shore.

ROBERT REILLY.

The Snow Goddess

During Proserpine's first visit home after her six months' stay with Pluto, the earth deities as well as the gods on Olympus celebrated the event by making everything beautiful. Apollo shone his brightest, and the Hamadryads put on their gayest green.

The gala occasion was at its height when a message arrived for Proserpine to make ready to depart. The leaves drooped and turned to red, yellow, and brown. At last they fell, and the land looked bare and gloomy. The gods and goddesses were bewailing the loss of the beauty of the earth. Ceres was inconsolable.

One day, as she sat on a stone, weeping for her daughter, white, fleecy flakes, so soft and warm, fell around her. Raising her sad face heavenward, she beheld a beautiful white goddess floating above her with her arms full of snow. She smiled down on Ceres, saying, "I am the goddess of snow, coming to make the earth beautiful and warm in winter."

Ceres turned away. Would that bring back her child? No. Why, then, should she rejoice? With this thought she went to her home. The snow goddess also turned away, at first offended, then angry. She went to the far north, where Cold dwelt. Hastily summoning her, she bade her blow her icy breath upon the flakes. They became frozen.

Jove, upon hearing of the proceedings of his daughter, reproved her for acting so, saying, "You should not judge Ceres so harshly, because she is overcome with grief at the loss of her daughter. Be patient, continue to do your good work, and soon she will be thankful to you." But his words failed to move the beautiful snow goddess, because she had become cold-hearted and unyielding from Cold's breath. And ever since the snow has made the earth beautiful but cold during the absence of Proserpine.

MARJORIE MERRIMAN.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING

Upon the hill and by the rill
Blooms the golden daffodil,
And in the low and marshy places
The early catkins show their faces.

And often, in a shady dell,
The purple violets we smell.
So everywhere with colors bright
The spring flowers make a lovely sight.

BEATRICE PEDLER.

THE CALL OF SPRING

Against the bars his wings he beats,
He hears the call of spring so sweet.
"O let me out or I shall die;
O let me out, I long to fly!"

He sees the nests up in the trees
He sees the grass sway in the breeze,
And flutters feebly behind the bars
And dreams of bluest sky, and stars.

"What could have made the dear bird die?
Surely not his love to fly?
Had he not all one could desire,
And a lovely cage of golden wire?"

BERNICE HUGGINS.

In the Tomato Patch

"I don't suppose I will be home till about dark," called Mr. Neely as he drove off. He and his wife had just moved to the claim about a year ago. It was twenty miles to the nearest store, and the father went after supplies only once in two weeks.

Mrs. Neely went briskly to work, for she had plenty of work planned for the day. She took her four-year-old girl and a large bucket to the tomato patch they had cultivated so carefully. The vines were of the variety that lie close to the ground, and each vine had to be raised to pick the fruit underneath.

She had nearly filled her large bucket when she glanced around to see about her small girl. She was standing in another part of the garden with a mud pie in her hand. But the mother thought it best that the little girl should be closer to her. So she went down the row towards the girl, when she saw a rattlesnake coiled partly under one of the vines, and not three feet from the child. Before she knew what she had done she had called to the girl to "Come here!" She saw her mistake a moment after, for she heard a warning buzz.

The snake was directly between her and the baby. A move of the child's would bring her nearer the reptile. Mrs. Neely was nearly paralyzed with fright, for she knew the danger of a snake bite, and the nearest farm house was six miles distant. Long before she could reach a doctor the wound would prove fatal.

Just then she heard Mr. Neely call from the house. The child, always anxious to meet her father, turned at the sound of his voice and ran toward him. The snake settled slowly back into the shade of the tomato vine.

Broken harness had caused him to return so soon. A trace had snapped and he had ridden one horse home for repairs. As Mr. Neely expressed it, "It certainly was lucky that trace did break."

WILLARD GARRISON.

THE STEED OF SUCCESS

There once lived in Greece a young man whose name was Eurymus. He was a youth of great stature, and in bearing like a god. After the Battle of Troy, Eurymus set sail to found a city of his own. He sailed round Trinacria, on and on. Going in a southerly direction, he came to the land of the Ethiopians. Here Eurymus founded a city which grew and flourished. The people of this city retained many Grecian customs; however, their religion was different. Their chief god was Talphos.

Here is a story of these people.

"Arise, Proteus, go to the mighty Talphos, King of the Gods, request of him but one trial to mount the Steed of Success, the Beast of Fortune.

"I shall kill a fine kid and make you a coat, for the gods would disdain your presence in those tatters!"

"Wife," said Proteus, "your words are balm to my spirit. Surely, if I could improve this lowly hut, this scanty fare, these tattered raiments, by mounting a beast, in truth, I would crave but a chance to mount the Steed of Success. But of the mighty Talphos, would he allow a ragged fellow, like me, to enter the far-famed arena of the gods? Ah, wife, I can but try. Make the coat of goatskin."

* * * * * *

"'Tis folly to let the beggar try to

mount the Steed of Success. But few have ever sat astride the beast. Bring him in. 'Twill furnish a hearty laugh." Thus spoke Talphos, King of the Gods. He gazed down into the arena where the Steed of Success pranced gallantly, his glossy coat reflecting the sun. Near by were other steeds, the steeds of Valor, Happiness, Despair, Riches, and Beauty. Then the Steed of Misfortune, a hideous beast with a bristly, ill-kept coat.

Proteus entered, bowed gallantly to the assembly and, gazing about, perceived the steeds. "Ah," thought Proteus, "the Steed of Success seems the tamest of the lot. I shall mount him with ease." He ran forward and flung himself upon the steed. The steed galloped swiftly out of the arena of the gods, on over hill and dale, roaring and kicking. "Ho," said Proteus to himself, "the Road of Success is always rough at first. It will smooth presently. Wife said that it was smooth when remarking how we would jog pleasantly on the Steed of Success."

But alas! the ill-fated Proteus was never to know success. The steed continued its bouncing and kicking. Proteus clung tighter, for sticking to the back of that beast was no easy matter. And then Proteus realized his real situation. He had, in his attempt to mount the Steed of Success, clambered onto the Steed of Misfortune!

Thus it is with many, who, striving for success, obtain nothing but bitter failure.

RUTH McBRIDE.

THE STORM.

The air was still,
  The sky was dark,
Nothing was heard
  Save a dog's distant bark.

Then all of a sudden
  The lightning flashed,
The wind shook the trees
  And the thunder crashed.

The storm had ceased,
  The sun woke the wren,
Who sang aloud merrily
  To the world again.

DOROTHY BLEAN.

A VIOLET.

Come, thou, little violet sweet,
Make the joy of spring complete;
With your fragrance fill the air.
Welcome to our world so fair!

The bluebird in the cherry tree
Sings a song to awaken thee.
Arouse thee, and in dewdrops sheen
Bathe your feet of brightest green.

In the warm earth make your bed,
On the grass your green leaves spread;
Come and make some sad heart sing
Of your message of the spring.

GRACE ENGLE.

A CONQUERED LEADER

Amid the sky of azure blue
Black knights appeared in dreary hue.
Old Sol grew angry, and amid his rage
The knights at once their task engaged.

Our "crested leader proud and high"
Tossed his beams on the world near by.
The knights grew many, all dark and gray;
Old Sol no more his sports might play,
For he was conquered by clouds in a fray.

HAZEL BARTON.

The Yellow Peril

Patrolman Morse had been aware for some time of a small launch, that crept from Pier Number One at dusk, met a black schooner, and slipped back. Being unable to discover the name of this stranger craft, his suspicions, already aroused, were confirmed.

One day as he was walking along his beat, he noticed a can lid. He idly picked it up but it had somethink sticky on it and he flung it down. Lifting his hand to look at it, he was aware of a peculiar odor. Quickly he stooped and picked it up again. After examining it, he glanced at the pier number, nodded to himself, and walked away.

The next week he saw a man loading watermelons on a dray. Patrolman Morse realized that the man was acting peculiarly, being very careful of some melons, though careless with most. At last the dray drove off and as it went he followed, keeping his eye on an oddly shaped melon of which the driver had been unusually careful. Finally the drayman stopped and went into a saloon. Morse walked up, took the melon in his arms and carried it home, where he opened it. Then he quietly got out his extra revolver and called on his friend, Patrolman Casey.

It was inky black. Suddenly a voice was heard.

"This way Fred."

"All right, Tom."

"Be quiet now. If they hear us, we're goners."

For a long time it was still, as Fred followed Tom. All at once a voice cried, "Who goes there?"

For a moment all was silent. Then a pistol blazed out. Shouts and smoke filled the air, as the two policemen fought on.

A gong clanged, men's voices were heard, horses neighed and the reserves came to the rescue. After a stiff fight, the smugglers were conquered.

The police, due to Patrolman Morse's observance, had captured a ring of opium smokers in which their chief was implicated.

A month later a breathless, excited man rushed into headquarters and cried, "Chief Morse, there is a riot opposite the square!" and Chief Morse said, "Sergeant Casey, take the reserves!"

JAMES GILLETT.

EARLY MORN

Then shone down the rosy-fingered,
Yet a while in bed I lingered;
E'en of breakfast little thought,
Only getting up I fought.

Then came mother's voice to me,—
It was cross as cross could be,—
"You must get up, son, right quick;
If you don't, I'll get a stick."

Ma would not do that, I knew;
'Neath the sheets my head I drew.
I stayed there 'till father said,
"Boy, you get right out of bed!"

Ægis-bearing Zeus was he;
Just a word from him to me
And I did whate'er he said,
Though it be, "Get out of bed."

WILLIAM HOSSELKUS.

Greater Love?

It was on a bleak afternoon in northern Russia that a Baron and his wife and child, accompanied by the servant Eric, left the town on a trip through the wilderness. The snow was knee-deep on the ground, and the four-horse team dashed the sleigh away on its long journey. Towards evening they stopped at an inn and were warned not to continue their journey, for the reason that packs of wolves had been lurking in the neighborhood. But the Baron was intent upon reaching his destination and started out. They rode on until about midnight, when, passing through a forest, they noted the distant wailing of packs of wolves. The horses also heard the sound and, pricking up their ears, dashed off at even a greater speed.

The Baron and the servant drew their pistols and waited for the oncoming pack. Soon the howling beasts were upon them, led by an immense grey wolf. The Baron's pistol spoke and the leader fell in his tracks, but the wolves were unabashed by this and kept on.

"We'll have to give them our leaders," cried the Baron to Eric. He cut the traces of one of them, who ran off to the left, followed by the wolves. But they soon found their mistake, and kept on after the sleigh.

Both leaders were now gone, and the wolves were snapping at the heels of the remaining two horses when they were nearly two miles from town.

Then Eric spoke up, "I will hold off the wolves while you and your family get to the village. Send a rescue party for me." With these words Eric sprang from the speeding sleigh and was instantly surrounded by the wolves. He managed to climb a tree and then emptied his pistols into the midst of the pack, killing many.

The Baron on reaching his destination in safety sent a party to the rescue of his faithful servant, but all that was found on the blood-stained snow were the two pistols.

The Baron had a stone cross placed there, on which were inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

JOHN PERKINS.

CYCLONE!

"Sleepy Slim," as he was called by all the ranch hands, sat idly on the seven-foot fence of the corral with a dreamy look on his face. He was the nephew of the ranch foreman and had the reputation of being "about the laziest boy anywhere around." He was afraid of nearly every horse on the place except on old worn-out range pony called "Slump." "Slump" and "Slim" were usually to be seen going along about two miles an hour, and both half asleep.

One morning as Slim awoke and looked out of the window of his room, he saw a new horse in the corral. Wild of eye, shaggy of coat, and lean of limb was this new addition to the ranch. Slim mentally vowed to himself that he would never "get within reaching distance of him." When he went down to breakfast his uncle told him to be careful of the new horse, whose name was "Cyclone." Slim assured him that he wanted no introduction.

After breakfast the men all gathered in the corral to witness the breaking of the outlaw. "Match-Tip Billy" was to be the first rider. The broncho was led forth blindfolded, snorting and rearing, to be saddled. As soon as the cinch was tightened Billy jumped on. The horse at first stood stock-still as if from surprise. Then with a great leap forward and a sudden swerve and arching of the back, he sent Billy hurtling into one corner of the corral, somewhat worse for the ride.

The men now all tried in turn, but none could stay long enough to master the beast. At last Slim got down from his perch on the fence and said, "Say, Joe, loan me your spurs a minute, will you?" Joe obligingly consented. Slim then directed the men to hold the horse while he got on. Once "aboard," Slim stuck the spurs with all his might into the saddle girth, then taking a firm hold on the horn, he said, "Let 'er kick!" And kick she did. Slim's spine felt as if it was getting electric shocks, his feet he was sure were asleep and his neck nearly cracked in two as the broncho came down with all four legs stiff as boards. Blood trickled from his nose and his head flew back and forth as the outlaw bucked. At last, however, his struggles became weaker and weaker, and finally he went quite willingly where Slim guided him.

"Well, my boy," said Slim's uncle, "I guess you deserve a reward, and so the horse is yours!" Slim could hardly believe his tingling ears as he crawled off the "cyclone."

"Thanks," he muttered, and then leaned dizzily against the nearest support. At last it was gone—his fear of horses was gone once and for all.

HARRY PREISS.

CRIMSON AND WHITE

Far up in the rugged and snow-crowned mountains once dwelt Clymene who was beloved of Jove. Their daughter, Onynome, grew to be a nymph of such bewitching loveliness that words are powerless to describe her beauty. And many Fauns and Satyrs were not insensible to this fact. Only one, however, Crœsus, was favored by Onynome. These two were constantly playing together, and by so doing grew to love each other more and more.

One day Onynome challenged Crœscus to a footrace. He consented, and at the word they were off with Onynome ahead. Away she sped like the wind. To the affectionate Crœseus she looked more beautiful than ever. The breeze caught her garments, and her black tresses streamed loosely behind her. This beautiful creature, deceived by the maze of snowbanks, bowlders, and white-trimmed trees, leaped from a precipice. Striking on a projecting ledge, she was instantly killed. Her lover, observing her fate, cast himself down to his death. Jupiter, unable to bear the sight of his daughter thus mangled, changed the crimson blood which flowed from her many wounds into a beautiful flower.

The snow-plant may now be seen in many parts of the high mountains; and if peeping above the snow, the crimson against the white may remind one of the sweet but tragic story of Onynome.

HAROLD WOOLSEY.

A GOOD OUTLOOK.

The basket-ball girls have done good practice work this season, and so far in outside contests they have met with success. On March 3rd a challenge game between the eighth and ninth grade teams was played, resulting in the score of 18 to 13 in favor of the higher class. The ninth team will soon challenge the eights, and three games will form that series.

Our second team playcd a game with Washington on March 13th. They did very well and finished with a score of 11 to 11. Many of the McKinley students attended and cheered the players. They can claim their share of the success, for support is certainly of value.

Unexpectedly, on Monday, the 27th, a practice was held on the McKinley grounds. The Washington people had been instructed to play a return game. The victories were ours, with a score for the seconds of 17 to 11, and for the firsts, 7 to 5.

The manager this season is Lois Pearce, and the captains are Helen Maslin for the seniors and Eleanor Mead for the juniors. The names of the senior team follow: Camille Haynes, Lois Pearce, Gertrude Montgomery, goals; Helen Maslin, Louise Lawton, Evelyn Barber, Dorothy Lyman, Henrietta Peyser, guards; Gladys Wann, center; Charlotte Arnold, Louise Lawton, Adelaide Kibbe, Alice Queen, sides. The juniors enrolled are: Anita Foss, Margot Mann, Eleanor Mead, goals; Grace Greet, Anita Avila, Gertrude Hatch, guards; Miriam Mack, Natalie Raymond, Eleanor Ellis, sides; Elizabeth Jenkins and Enid Browning, centers.

As yet the high 7th team is not complete, while the lower grade has more than necessary. If anyone wishes to join either group, please see Irene Reid or Audrie Le Breton, captains. The high sevenths who have signed up are: Irene Reid, Florence Biddle, Florence Shaw, Helen Heavey, Erato Dehmel, Marjorie Lewin, Doris Lind. Those of the low seventh are: Irene Tobin, Beatrice Pedler, Elaine Rambo, Katharine Robinson, Audrie

Le Breton, Ruth Norton, Anita Isaac, Marian Smith, Mildred Anderson, Wanda Fruntrup, Esther McCullough.

HARD LUCK FOR US

Basket-ball is becoming a major sport in the U. C., making the game more popular throughout Berkeley. McKinley played schedule games as usual with the other intermediate high schools of the city—Washington, Garfield and Franklin.

In the meet with Garfield the first team lost by the score of 34 to 13, but the seconds won, 14 to 12. Washington beat both teams in the second games, 32 to 21 and 22 to 7.

Our teams showed to better advantake in the Franklin contest, although our firsts were defeated by the close score of 24 to 19. Our other team was victorious, however, 32 to 24.

But McKinley still had a chance in the finals. We played Washington on our court and defeated them by the score of 37 to 27. The second team lost, 14 to 9, and were thereby dropped, not playing for the championship.

The firsts had to play Franklin for the championship on a neutral court, which was Washington's. It was a hard-fought game, but the score was well in Franklin's favor, 28 to 8. Franklin's first team won the city championship, and Washington's seconds.

We ended the basket-ball season by meeting the Berkeley High 120-pound team, giving them the game with 44 to 18 as the result.

The first team was supported by: Edward Gove, center; Capt. Francis Kelsey, Frank Hall, forwards; Harold Weaver, John Perkins, guards. The members of the second team were: Capt. Ulysses Patchett, center; Nelson Chick, Charles Whitworth, forwards; Norman Cleaveland, Ray Moody, guards.

BASEBALL

We have fine material for several strong teams this season, and the sign-up list is now ready. Don't fail to put your name down. We are having a little difficulty in finding a place to practice, but hope to have a field soon. An interscholastic schedule will be arranged as usual. Get into the games and help us win!

WITH BALL AND RACQUET

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown in tennis this term. About forty girls have entered. The singles are to be played off first, starting with the eighth grade. Doubles are to be decided on the Berkeley Tennis Club courts Saturday morning, April 15th. Later the finals are to be played there. Katherine Burke, Cornelia Morris and Helen Maher have kindly lent their aid to Gertrude Seaver, manager, in teaching the beginners. Thursday afternoon, March 16th, the girls met and played a grab match. Girls of each grade drew numbers and then matched. Those with the same numbers played together. Gertrude Seaver and Charlotte Arnold were the winners in the finals, which were played off the following day on the school court. Another contest of the same nature will be arranged for April 6th.

We are pleased to note that many beginners are learning the game. Those seen on the courts are: Phyllis Brown, Lulu Foss, Bernice Huggins, Ruth Harrington, Ivy Mehrten, Tay Cutler, Roberta Holme, Anita Isaacs, Marjorie Lewin, Helen Heavey, Carol

Parratt, Mary Huggins, Caroline McConnell, Mildred Anderson.

Those scheduled as experienced players are: Evelyn Barber, Alice Carter, Gertrude Seaver, Hazel Niehaus, Thelma Skarin, Hazel Barton, Helene Sleep, Charlotte Arnold, Clare Lenfesty, Helen Maher, Helen Maslin, Eleanor Bonner, Jean Scotford, Francis Schlaman, Vera Mott, Anita Foss, Gertrude Hatch, Enid Browning, Ruth McBride, Elsie Houghton, Raymond Le Breton, and Katherine Burke.

THE MISTLETOE AND THE OAK.

Upon the coast of ancient Greece lived an old fisherman and his wee grand-daughter, Missela. The child was very frail, and the old fisherman watched over her carefully, doing all he could to help her to grow strong and well. She was his greatest interest in life; it seemed to be only for her that he lived. But as time went on she grew weaker, and it became their greatest pleasure to walk daily along the cliffs that bordered the rugged shore, the little child in the old man's arms. Very familiar became the touching sight of the old man, worn, bent and roughened by his life of hard toil, and the young child, frail and tender clinging to him as he held her in his arms. It was in this favorite position that the little child died, and the gods, taking pity on the old man's grief and desolation, changed him, as he stood, into a strong, rugged oak tree, and, reviving the child, changed her into the mistletoe which always clings for protection to the arms of the oak.

THOMAS HARRIS.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

It was a Saturday afternoon in the town of Granada; the square was filled with people in bright Andalusian costumes. A little apart from the others stood a tall, ragged figure, Pedro, one of the "sons of the Alhambra." He was usually in gay spirits, but on this very morning he had gone swallow-fishing on one of the towers of the palace, and instead of catching swallows he had hooked an old owl. This was surely an ill omen, and now as he stood apart from the others he was thinking of all the stories and superstitions he knew concerning owls.

While he was brooding over these stories, a procession of soldiers passed, conducting a few captured banditti to the town lock-up. Among them Pedro noticed Carlos Dolores, whose daughter was one of the prettiest young ladies in Granada, and who had been in love with Pedro, but the stern old bandit would not hear of their marriage.

After seeing the old bandit borne away to jail, Pedro did some thinking, in consequence of which he arrived at the jail that night armed with tools, with the aid of which he succeeded in freeing the bandit.

In gratitude for saving his life, Carlos rewarded Pedro with his daughter's hand in marriage.

During the ceremony Pedro produced from his pocket a bag of money which he had inherited from his father. Carlos was delighted, as he had supposed Pedro to be very poor.

They bought a small home in the valley of the Darrow and lived there happily. The owl was stuffed and placed on the mantelpiece as a charm to guard the household.

ALFRED PATTON.

Kindness' Reward

Mr. Durham seated himself at dinner and was about to cut a generous portion of steak for himself when he heard a knock on the back door. He arose and opened it. Before him stood a boy about ten years of age, dressed in a well-worn pair of overalls. He had a nice face, although it was rather dirty, and Mr. Durham liked the looks of him.

"Mister," said the boy, "could I have something to eat? I will work or do anything you wish in return."

"Why, certainly, come right in and have dinner with me. I am just going to begin," replied Mr. Durham, who was an exceedingly kind old man. He always enjoyed somebody to share his meals, as he lived alone.

Mr. Durham had a farm in Ohio. His wife had died and his son had been kidnaped when he was two years old and had never been heard of since. He liked children and often thought of adopting one, although he was poor.

During dinner Mr. Durham had learned from the boy that he had run away from home because his mother had treated him cruelly.

"How would you like to live with me?" proposed Mr. Durham. "I would——"

"Live with you?" broke in the boy, for he had no name. "I certainly would——"

"What's that?" interrupted Mr. Durham, as something was thrown into the open window. He stooped and picked up a box containing $10,000 in paper money and a letter which read:—

"Dear Mr. Durham:

"Please accept this from one who asks your forgiveness for all the wrong she has done you. I kidnaped your child when he was a baby and have made him work for me. Please forgive me, as I have been cruel to him, but I repent now that it is too late. This boy that is with you is your son. I followed him to your house, intent upon bringing him home. When I saw him eating dinner with you, I suddenly realized all the wrong I had done. I ask you once more to please forgive me and accept this gift, which I know can not repay you for all the misery I have caused."

Kindness had its reward.

WESTON HAVENS.

A SNOW SCENE IN CHEYENNE

The sun was shining brightly one afternoon in February. Presently I noticed passers-by casting anxious glances toward the north. Looking out of the window, I saw a great snow cloud, and knew that a February snowstorm was on its way. Soon the snow began to fall lightly.

Gradually the flakes fell thicker and faster, until the storm had reached its height. Everything was covered with a mantle of snow.

Then suddenly it stopped. The cloud broke just as the sun was setting. How beautiful it was! All the snow reflected the ruddy clouds. The houses were tinged with pink, and even the icicles were a delicate rose. For ten glorious minutes it lasted, then slowly died away, and darkness settled over the town.

MAURINE HERRMANN.

The Enchanted Vase

In the thirteenth century, at the time of knights and princes, a young prince known as Vasalia, was riding through Spain, doing great damage. Vasalia was one of the bravest princes that lived during his time.

The King of Spain dealt in magic. He determined, in some way, to enchant the prince. So he promised his subjects to do this in a certain time or leave the throne. This was a great blow to the people, for they loved their king. Some people did not want to lose their king, and others thought it cruel to enchant such a brave prince, who might be of help to them in time of war.

The king, after making many vain attempts to find the prince, had almost given up, when one day he spied him lying under a tree, fast asleep.

"Oh!" exclaimed the king, "now I have you. It certainly is a shame to enchant you, but it must be done. I will change you into a vase, as your name suggests it. But, in doing so, I shall say, 'If any king touches you with a golden sceptre you shall live once more, and do good and noble deeds.'" So out of a prince was made a beautiful vase. One of the subjects was told to take it to the palace and put it in a little alcove.

When the king reached the palace, he called his people together and told them what he had done. He then turned to his servants and ordered one of them to see that it was filled with fresh flowers every day.

This king reigned just three years after this. Then a new king was chosen. Of course, he wanted to see all over the palace. One day while wandering around he saw something glitter. He went over and touched it with his golden sceptre. The vase vanished! Before him stood a noble prince, both handsome and brave.

"Why! What—er—what" exclaimed the astonished king, "what does this mean?"

"It means," began the prince, "that ——" Just then a messenger broke in: "The Christians have raided us. To arms, ye noble men!"

The prince darted out. He saw the approaching army. "Come on!" he shouted to the soldiers. And with this he darted through the middle of the Christian army. In a few moments their general surrendered to Vasalia. But Vasalia had been severely wounded.

When the king heard what had happened, he exclaimed, "Have him brought in here at once!" This was done. The king's surgeon was then called.

"I am afraid," said the surgeon, "he will not live the day through." He did, but died at sunrise the next morning.

A grand funeral was held. And over his remains was placed a monument to the noble prince, Vasalia.

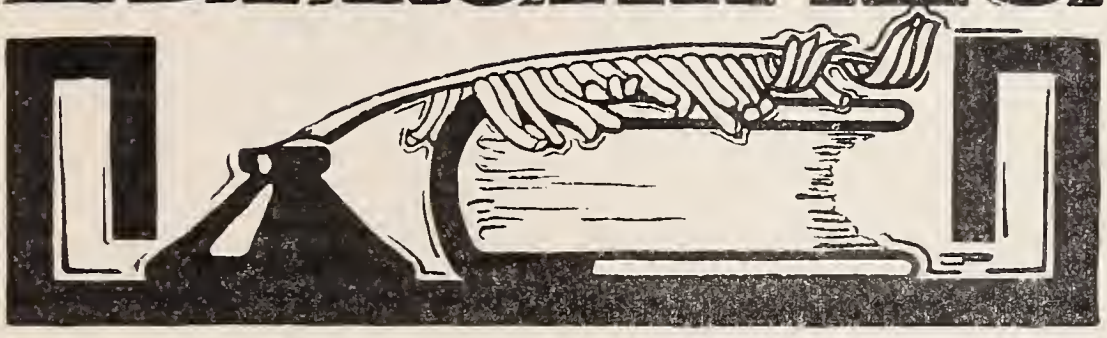
SYLVIA LELAND.

Glory Howard: "Marcus ran into the dinner and ate the kitchen."

Evelyn Denham, seeing a dog looking in a hair dressing store window: "I bet he is looking for a switch."

Dorothy Manasse: "Of course not; he smells a hair."

EDITORIALS



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A REQUEST!

The "Target" is a paper
Which every one should get,
Else as it's so expensive
The staff will go in debt.

The cuts and pretty covers
Are very, very nice,
But all our little quarters
Don't wholly pay the price.

Now if you'll buy a copy
Of our latest prize edition,
You will help us out a lot
And better our condition.

ISABEL AVILA.

One who believes in preparedness was the fellow who brought an extra pair, of descent socks, just for a case of emergency on "Hot Sox Day."

Extra! Extra!! News of the astounding retreat from the front—Amybeth's hair.

"No force on the police force!" But when a regular stampede starts against a policeman, don't you think it's time the officers of McKinley should eat "Force" for breakfast? Neal does.

If McKinley wanted to win the basket-ball championship, they should have naturally dropped a few balls into the basket.

Mr. Beardsley says the difference between the city and the country is the problems. The country has no problems. If this is true, the ninth grade algebra class wish they lived in the country.

Certain scientists say that your brains are not in your legs, but it would be more fortunate for Jack Melville if they were.

With "Tay" in mind, members of the high ninth class who attended the first meeting of the term will doubtless be pleased to learn that President Woolsey has been a faithful attendant at the "simplified spelling" lectures. Arthur Leonard consented to accompany him.

Some very loud socks to McKinley did roam,
But this passing show was soon passing home.

When Mr. Kelsey was foolish enough to put tables under the trees so that our noses would be fit to be seen, why do the girls persist in using them for race tracks? We realize that those at the Fair are closed, but they might try to get an entry at Juarez or Tiajuana.

SCHOOL CITY ELECTIONS.

At the first election of the year, Alice Gibbs was voted mayor, Dorothy Gibbs—commissioner of law and order, Marian Woolsey—judge, Helen Maslin—commissioner of athletics On March 31st new officers were chosen: Isabel Avila—mayor, Helen Maher—commissioner of law and order, Jane Reilly—judge, Helen Maslin—commissioner of athletics. Those first chosen have a worthy record, and the citizens responded with the best of spirit to their policy. Never have the girls formed in line more promptly or arranged better ranks. You who are their successors will have the support of the citizens, for they believe in cooperation for the best interests of the school. Lead with the motto "Excelsior" and every girl will uphold your standard.

The first officers selected to lead by the boys were: William Beckett, mayor; Harold Gee, commissioner of law and order; Harold Woolsey, judge; John Perkins, commissioner of athletics. Those elected on March 31st, to hold office for the last half of the term, were: Ashley Hill, mayor; John Perkins, commissioner of law and order; Harold Woolsey, judge; Richard Dunn, commissioner of athletics. Our city seems to have been very satisfactory thus far this term, in fact, the officers have proved to be the best we have ever had. There has been little or no debris in the yard, which speaks well for the

eity. Several of the boys have been arrested more than onee, thereby showing that all the trouble is in the hands of a few. Let us se if we cannot manage these offenders and have no more work for Judge Woolsey.

GENERAL ASSEMBLIES.

We have had many intereting assemblies this term. The first was the regular one, at which the candidates for School City officers were exhibited. Lois Brock, Isabel Avila, Morton Wallaee and Charles Whitworth diseussed our laws, activities and problems for the benefit of the assembled citizens, and especially for those who had just entered our portals. Another feature of the program was a speech by Miss Anna Chase on "Temperance." Miss Chase was well reeeived and the audiencc was intcnsely interested in a vital subject well presented.

At a later meeting we heard a talk by Mr. Thomas Mills on "Child Labor." The subject was well eonsidered and the speaker understood how to gain the sympathy of his audience.

On McKinley's birthday anniversary we met in his honor. Several scventh and eighth graders told us his biography and some anecdotes, in an interesting way. They were: Blanehe Eastland, Muriel Durgin, William Hosselkus, Raymond Leisure, Ellington Cochran, and Gerald Pearce. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America" and other patriotic selections. We especially enjoy the meetings when we have the privilege of listening to the work of our fellow students.

The Lincoln program made a special appeal, because again the studcnts contributed to the pleasure of the hour. Norman Taggard spoke on "The Appearance and Character of Lineoln"; Willard Garrison eonsidered "The Lineoln-Douglas Debates"; Edward Scott, "Lineoln's Springfield Speech"; Alfred Patton, "Quotation from Lincoln's First Inaugural Speeeh"; Taylor Mathews, "The Gettysburg Address"; Natalie Raymond gave an incident showing Lincoln's love of children, and Catherine Harris an incident telling how Lincoln earned his first dollar. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic were our honored guests and addressed us. The band was at its best, as they always are when playing our national melodies, which were "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," "Marching Through Georgia," "Thc Battle Cry of Freedom."

The regular mid-term assembly, whieh eomes before the second election, was held March 30th. The candidates made their bow and the Mandolin Club played two excellent numbers, "Song of the Nightingale," with "King Cupid" as an encorc. "Aloha Oe" was sung by the sehool, accompanied by the orchestra, which also played "Loui du Bal." The meeting then adjourned, leaving the candidates to the tender mercies of the ballot.

SWEET AURORA

'Tis sweet Aurora who eomes first,
Bright'ning the early dawn with light,
Quenching with dew thc flowerets' thirst,

Rejoicing at dcparting night.
'Tis she who wakes the sparkling streams
And frcshens many a lake and bay;
With ruddy skies and golden beams
She heralds the coming of the day.

FRANK CORNWALL.

Musical Organizations

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Our Mandolin Club is the best we have had for some years. It is composed of earnest workers, who meet promptly and regularly after school on Thursdays. Muriel Durgin plays the guitar; Elizabeth McIndoe, Allyn Hargear and Tom McGuire the first mandolins; Anita Avila, Dudley Underhill and Kenneth Wynkoop the second mandolins. John Nicholson is studying, and we hope he will join the second mandolins soon.

This club has contributed to several programs. They played a few selections for the Economic Section of the Mothers' Club which met at the home of Mrs. Durgin, and for a general session of that organization. On the evening of March 17th the Mothers' Club held an entertainment, at which the Mandolin Club gave "King Cupid," by Prof. Richard J. Carpenter, and, assisted by Elizabeth Roberts, Isabel Avila, Dorothy Perkins and Jane Reilly with their ukuleles, they played a group of Hawaiian airs. They were invited to play at the State of Maine gathering at the Claremont Hotel, but owing to previous engagements of some of the members, it could not be arranged.

THE BAND

The work of the band is unusually strong this term, and the excellent tone quality is an indication of their success. The members are: Cornet, solo, Clarence Mitchell, Walter St. John; first, Ulysses Patchett; second, Scott Elder; third, Walter Clark; Clarinets, first, Harold Woolsey, Ford Barrett; second, Raymond White, Hartley Hathaway; Piccolo, Hubert Kenney; Tuba, Allan Ingalls; Baritone, Charles Whitworth. Altos, first, Arthur Bellman; second, Robert Dunn; Trombones, first, Ralph Beals; second, Neal Klemgard; tenor, Lowell Schultze; Drums, snare, Norman Taggard; base, Leighton Dyer.

Howard Brown is studying the tenor horn under Heber Gute, and hopes to be able to join the band soon. We were sorry to give up Paul Boren as base drummer, but we are glad to have secured a good substitute.

These musicians played a number of patriotic selections at the general assemblies held in honor of McKinley and Lincoln, and two Irish airs, "Killarney" and "The Wearing of the Green," at the Mother's Club entertainment. They are now hard at work learning new pieces for our annual concert, which we hope to hold in the new auditorium.

THE ORCHESTRA

Our orchestra has contributed to several programs this semester. They furnished five numbers on a program given for the benefit of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, at Finnish Hall on February 25th. The selections were: "Apple Blossoms," "Annie Laurie," "Meeting," "Vesper Bells" and "Aloha Oe." The audience declared them well played, especially the last. Susie Harms, Arthur Gunderson and Ellis Miles kindly helped produce these fine results. At the Mothers' Club party of March 17th, "Vesper Bells," "Apple Blossoms," "Loui Du Bal," "Pizzacato Polka," "Peg o' My Heart" were played to an appreciative audience. At the general assembly of March 30th they gave "Aloha Oe" with our chorus and

"Loui Du Bal" as a special number.

The members realize that quantity is necessary to produce quality in this organization, and their attendance has produced the desired results. Those who are enrolled are: First violins, Helen Von Ende (leader), Phyllis Harms, Eleanor Weber, John Brothers, Hermann Jockers, Sheldon Trenery, Frederick Denison; second violins, Marjorie Bond (leader), Miriam Peyser, Ruth McBride, Henrietta Peyser, Erato Dehmel, Sheldon Schott, Winston Brasfield; 'cellist, Winston Petty; flute, Kendrick Bell; clarinet, Harold Woolsey; drums, Norman Taggard, Warren Burke; cornets, Clarence Mitchell, Walter St. John, Scott Elder; French horn, Clarence Mitchell; trombones, Lowell Schultze, Ralph Beals, Neal Kleingard.

THE THIRTEENTH LABOR OF HERCULES.

The Dempters were spending their summer vacation at a little seaside town. Bessie Dempter, the only child, had a beautiful St. Bernard dog which was her brother, sister, playmate and dearest friend. One day in an ecstasy of joy at seeing her, he had jumped at her, and, forgetting that he was not as little as he used to be, knocked her down. From this instance he was jokingly named Hercules. Bessie was a general favorite with all the summer visitors, and was especially liked by an old sea-captain whose wife was the landlady of the little hotel.

"It most sure looks like a storm was brewin'," the captain announced one day, and sure enough before evening his prophecy came true. The wind whistled around the house and the rain clattered down on the roof with a deafening noise. The captain, who had gone out for a while, came back with the information that a ship was sinking. The men all hastened out to give aid to the life-saving crew who were working feverishly to save the passengers.

Bessie watched them eagerly from the window and saw the last person safe on shore. Then she noted that the ship had caught fire, and outlined against it was the figure of a little girl. Horror-stricken she watched. Why didn't they hurry and rescue her? Hercules had been watching, too, and seemed to understand the predicament. With a low bark of determination he rushed from the house and like a streak he reached the shore and plunged into the dashing waves. Bessie watched with her heart full of fear for Hercules. But he lived up to his name and, battling with the waves, reached the ship. Taking the dress of the child in his mouth, he swam back to shore.

The next morning Hercules was none the worse for his cold sea bath, and the little girl was lying safe in a little white bed, tended by Bessie, and was soon going to be as well as ever.

PAULINE ELDER.

A MORNING REVERIE.

Aurora tints the sky with rosy dawn,
And chanticleer sounds out his reveille;
The morn breaks clear; the lingering stars are gone;
The robins sing; it is the month of May.

In bold relief against the early sky
Old Grizzly stands, a sentinel of dawn—
A voice disturbs me, as in bed I lie—
"My son, arise, you've got to mow the lawn!"

FREDERICK FENDER.

If you exclaim with your first glance,
"Gee, these jokes are rotten!"
I know that you have been left out,
Or else you've been forgotten.

Teddy Michels: "Yesterday I spent 40 cents."

Arthur Roe: "What did you buy, a suit?"

Miss Christy: "Why that little duck and bow?"

Gertrude Seaver: "My feet weren't straight."

Gertrude Montgomery: "May I borrow your tennis shoes?"

Gladys Wann: "Yes, if you can get them on."

Dorothy Pratt: "An attack was made on the Gauls, who were sleeping with a great noise."

Helen Maher, in an uplifted mood:
"I had a little dog an' his name was
Jack,
An' once he sat on the railroad track.
The train came a-whoopin' around the
bend—
What kind of flowers are you goin' to
send?"

John Perkins: "The basket-ball is torn."

Nelson Chick: "Let Ulysses Patchet."

Miss C.: "For Dorothy Armstrong. Who was the individual who sought his wife in Hades?"

Dorothy, trying to think: "It was ——"

Miss C.: "Kendrick Bell."

Miss Ellerhorst: "I have been trying all week to get through the summer sea."

SONS OF LEDA.

Castor and Pollux, those indoor sports,
Use apartment houses for tennis courts;
Sometimes golf sticks are the toys
That wake the neighbors with their noise—
The illustrious twins are the Gaffney boys.

Charles Whitworth speaks in history class.

Kathryne Hall: "He sounds like Patrick Henry."

Bob Edgar (to Walter St. John): "What answer did you get?"

Walter: "I got 1 + x."

Bob: "That's wrong. I worked it five times and got x + 1."

Arthur McHoul in low 9 Latin: "The monkey is sitting on the water."

Esther Schenkel in English: "The brothers killed each other and then they began to fight again."

Elizabeth Roberts in low 8th sewing: "Shall we frizzle this lace when we sew it on?"

Francis Kelsey is now learning Hecate's lost art. He is attempting to re-dye his old tie by means of raspberry juice and milk.

Jack Witter: "Unfathom—ble—ble—ble—able."

Miss C.: "Why did you put so many bubbles on the end, Jack?"

Isabel Avila: "I think Leitha is in front of us."

Jane Reilly: "Oh, yes! I see something green."

Kenneth Carnahan: "I wonder where all the bugs go in the winter?"

Aylwin Probert (absent-mindedly): "Search me."

Miss Harris: "3½ is the answer; did you all get that?"

Phil Murphy: "No; I got 3 9/18."

Helen Denbigh: "We're going to have our Ford painted."

Lillian Leland: "Why bother to have it painted when you can take it to Houston's and get it shined?"

Grace Conzelmann, in German: "The donkey stubbed his toe."

Evelyn Denham: "I always thought the arms had busted off that statue of Nike in Miss Fisher's room."

Lindsay Campbell: "Why do they call you Bill?"

Bill Beckett: "Because I came on the first day in the month."

Katherine Harris, in sewing: "May I bring my neck to-morrow and finish it?"

Marjorie Bond, looking at water with bubbles in it: "Oh, look; isn't it fuzzy?"

Murphy Cobb: "I am going to get ahead this term."

Richard Dunn: "That's good; you've needed one long enough."

Lois Brock, passing a small colored boy: "Poor thing! He was burned by Phaethon."

Heard at Y. M. C. A. camp:

Ray Moody: "How can I drive this tent stake?"

Nelson Chick: "Use your head."

HOT AIR.

Dot Armstrong: "My hair is naturally curly."

Ed Barnard: "I can't stay tonight. I have to go to the city."

Jack Meville: "Yes, Miss Ellerhorst, I regulated the clock this morning."

Cremo White: "Oh! that's simple."

Amybeth Payson: "I'll take the 'Target.'"

Marjorie Moore: "I know my French."

Irma Boggs: "I don't like bright colors."

Lois Brock: "I can't sing; I've got a cold"

Helen Maher: "I don't know a bit of English."

Maxine Davis: "I haven't looked at my Latin."

Arthur Leonard: "I've got some hotter socks at home."

It has been reported that Weston Havens is going to try out for the basket-ball team.

Hermann Jockers is called the human flagpole.

Jane Reilly: "These shoes are much too large."

Florence King: "I can't wear silk stockings; they hurt my feet."

Ruth Herron in English: "Hercules drove home a flock of oxen."

Pauline Elder in English: "Tay Cutler killed the Calydonian Boar."

Hermann Jockers, praising himself for the excellent results gained on his fiddle: "Some day I wil be a Tetrazzini."

Robert Reilly, trying to learn poetry: "Whose glossy black to shame might bring the plumage of a raisin's wing."

JUNK.

"My curls are for Baby Junk," says Charotte Fitch.

Adele Davis' dimple may betwitch the Junk house.

Beverly Parr will leave his long, lingering tresses to the Junk man.

Tay Cutler, daughter of Venus fair, bestows her curling kids upon Medusa Junk.

Allyn Hargear: "A row of English zeros for the noble Junks."

Tommy Harris has been asked to give the old tires of his Cadillac to Father Junk, that he may re-tire his Ford limousine.

Walter St. John deprives the 7th period Latin class of his frilly speeches, to enlighten old man Junk.

Ben Boasberg left his short pants to the Junks.

Ernest de Rainier has left his cute short socks to Johnnie Junk.

Milton Mausshard's currycomb has gone to Polyphemus Junk.

Eleanor Weber: "Put my 7th period wink down for the Junks."

Zella McCreary will tell the secret of how to keep thin to Sally Junk.

Bob Edgar will pass on his ability to get his Math. from Walter St. John and the rest of us to the studious little Junklets.

Mary Martha and several members of 2nd period English class give their dictionaries to the Junks.

Weston Havens, in a mood of generosity, thrusts his sweet and babyish graces upon Hercules Junk.

Curtis Wright, in high 7th history: "Charlemagne was buried under his dome."

Ashley Hill in high 9th history: "A man kissed his wife on Sunday and they ran him out of the colony."